1;Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
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614 554 Uru warugv should carry game and honey for the men of Morane and Unapane.

291 184 Some of the village Veddas of those days had cloth, and when dancing to the *yaku* they wore the long cloth garment called *kaugalla*; the wilder Veddas had no cloth and wore leaves, but it was not clear whether they had not also a certain amount of bark cloth which was their ordinary covering, and leaves may have been worn in addition when they invoked the *yaku*[1].

685 609 778 826 The old man knew of the custom of a man keeping a piece of human liver in his betel pouch; it was universal and in his young days every Vedda desired to have a piece. Strangers, even Veddas, who intruded on the hunting grounds would be killed and their liver taken, no other part of the dead man being used, and the custom gave rise neither to warfare nor to vendettas[2].

764 768 Caves in which a death occurred were deserted, the corpse being covered with leaves; perhaps men very near dissolution were left before death had actually occurred, but this did not seem certain. Bones found in the cave when the group returned to it after an interval of some ten or twelve years were thrown away quite carelessly.

775 769 The spirits of the dead became the Nae Yaku who, with Kande Yaka and Bilindi Yaka, gave game and prosperity. The *diriketaka* ceremony was performed for the Nae Yaku, and *adukku* (cooked food), which even in the old days consisted of coconut and rice, was offered to them.

771 184 The wilder Veddas gave nothing to the Buddhist priests and made no offerings at shrines, nor did they know the Kataragam God, Kanda Swami, though the village Veddas worshipped him and knew that Walliame had been taken to wife by him, and honey was presented to the goddess at certain shrines, especially one at Kokote Sila, frequented by the village Veddas.

535 751 A few of the village Veddas would dance for the Sinhalese in order to protect their cattle, bring prosperity to their villages, and secure them from epidemics; they would dance *kolamaduwa* which the old man pointed out was derived from a

[1] Cf. p. 915.
[2] For details of this custom see Chapter VIII.

1: Seligmann and Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
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[539]

(Ayu bowa. Mama ada sita man golayek hadanawd
Eyin kisi waradak ganda epa.
Mage golayata man kiya denawa me puda topata denda

"May (your) life be long! From to-day I am rearing a scholar of the mind. Do not take any offense at it. I am explaining to my pupil how to give this offering to you."

The yaku understand that although the formulae invoking them are recited they are not really being called, and so the pupil does not become possessed while learning, nor do the yaku hurt him. The pupil avoids eating or touching pig or eating fowl in the same way, as the shaman, and Seli of Unuwatura Bubula stated that while learning he avoided rice, coconuts and kurakan, eating especially the flesh of the sambar and monitor lizard.

The shaman exercises complete control over his pupil and, we believe does not usually train more than one disciple. We heard of one instance in which a shaman, considering his pupil unfit, advised him to give up all idea of becoming a shaman. This happened among the Mudigala Veddas, apparently between 20 or 30 years ago. No man, however highly trained, is accounted the official shaman of a community during his teacher's life, although with his teacher's permission he will, when he is proficient, perform ceremonies and become possessed by the yaku.

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At Sitala Wanniya we discovered that a shaman must not cut his hair unless he takes special precautions. One of us was collecting specimens of hair, and on asking Handuna for a lock, was answered affirmatively but told that as he (Handuna) was a shaman a cloth must be held over his head "because of the yaku." As we had used a great deal of cloth, we asked if a piece of newspaper would do; Handuna replied that it would be as good, but he must keep it always to cover his head when he danced. We explained that the paper would probably rot; the said he, "I shall die." He said he did not know why, but he believed this, as his father had told him that even should his son want a lock of his hair (hair is given as "seisin") he must cover his head with a cloth when it was cut, and ever afterwards must cover it when dancing, or else the yaku would kill him. Yet such was his politeness that rather than refuse our request

1:Seligmann and Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
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791 he was ready to suffer this inconvenience. Of course under
826 these conditions we did not take a lock of his hair.

His son-in-law Kaira, although he assisted Handuna in dancing, offered no objection to our collecting a sample of his hair, nor did any of the other members of the community.

769 Besides the shaman one or more of the near relatives of the
791 dead man may become possessed, but this though common is not invariable. The yaka leaves the shaman soon after he has promised his favour and success in hunting, the shaman often collapsing as the spirit departs and in any case appearing in an exceedingly exhausted state for a few minutes. However, he soon comes round when he and all present, constituting the men, women and children of the group, eat the offering, usually on the spot on which the invocation took place, though this is not absolutely necessary, for on one occasion at Sitala Wanniya when a rain squall threatened, the food was quickly carried to the cave a few hundred yards distant from the dancing ground.

769 It was clear that this eating of the food which had been offered to the yaku was an act of communion, and an essential part of the ceremony which was thought to bring health and good fortune, for some communities even anointed the heads of their dogs with the milk of the offering, explaining that this was done because of their value. This was the case at Henebedda, while the patriarch of the Godatalawa Veddas explained that some of the offering was always given to their dogs to eat, for the reason that they depended upon them in hunting. In one Nae Yaku ceremony (Bandāraduwa) the shaman fed the nearest relatives of the dead man immediately after the yaku left him, holding the bowl containing the offering to their mouths, while among the Sitala Wanniya Veddas, not only did the shaman, while still possessed, feed the children of the group from the bowl and smear its contents over their faces, but a number of members of the group, including the grandchildren of the dead man whose yaka possessed the shaman at the time, place a small portion of the offering in the shaman's mouth. The strength of the desire for the companionship and communion with the spirits of the kindly dead was very strong, and it was generally felt that shamans, and those frequently possessed by

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"But surely there are Veddas in Galmeda; everybody told us so," I insisted.

"Veddas of a sort, yes," was the reply; "and perhaps among them, one or two good ones; but the best live away in the caves, in those rocks yonder. Now if you'd come yesterday you'd have seen two of them who brought me some *gear* in exchange for betel and tobacco."

Disappointment melted into sudden hope. So, there were real Veddas still left. But oh! these people. Was ever chase so disheartening? Always the promise, never the fulfilment. Were we chasing phantoms of the wilderness, mocking spirits of a dead race, intolerant of the intrusion on their tranquil sepulchres?

There was no possibility of visiting the cave-Veddas that day. So I decided to stay over and visit them the next morning, travelling across the pathless hills to the high road; while my companion,—fed up to the teeth by now at the very mention of the word Vedda, and in a bad way with festering tick-bites, heat exhaustion, and lack of fresh food—tried to dissuade me from an adventure that promised no success. But I was bent on it. So we agreed that most of the bearers should accompany him to Maha Oya by an easier route, while I remained behind with three men and a two days' ration of tinned food.

With nightfall my prospect of securing a guide to the Galmeda hills was no nearer than in the morning. The only man who could be relied on was down with fever. I was seated disconsolately in the Chetty's garden after dinner, close to a chatting group, when suddenly I saw a shadow slip in out of the darkness and join them; there was some whispering; "Ah, is this the man they call Meenemaruwa?*" I heard one of my bearers ask.

"Yes, I am he they call murderer, rogue and everything besides." The answer came loud and unabashed from the man himself.

Rumour had spoken of him as far away as Kotelinda; and it had not spoken kindly. He lived three miles up the river by himself, inspiring the neighbourhood with awe of him. He was in a quandary that night. Returning home after a short absence, he had found that his brother had been taken into custody for illicit *chena* cultivation. He waxed eloquent on his wrongs, while the others listened: "Now what I want to know," he said "is why they should have taken my brother, who is a fool and cannot say a word in his defence, when they might have taken me? No, they wouldn't do that because I can talk. My brother cultivated the *chena* it is true, but it was I who gave it to him; the land is mine. They want me to pay taxes, I who am a Vedda! My grandmother was a Vedda of Veddas, you should have seen her. How well I remember the piece of human liver she carried in her betel-bag. We children would take it from her and want to throw it away; she would pluck it from us, saying, 'Hu, what do you want with this, isn't it mine?' Io, why do they treat me like this? Someone is angry with me. It must be the *arakshi*. No, the *arakshi* is good to me; he and I are friends. Now *Hatteyr*, what must I do? I must go to the courts myself and get a petition drawn." Thus he talked interminably, while I wondered how a Vedda could come to argue like a lawyer.

"Now leave all that aside," I interrupted, "and tell me how I am to see these Veddas of the rocks tomorrow."

*Murderer.

2. VEDDA CHARACTERISTICS, RELIGION, AND SUPERSTITION

If 'tis not a true philosophy
That the spirit whom set free,
Still lingers about its olden home,
In the flower and the tree,
It is very strange that our pulses thrill
At the sight of a voiceless thing,
And our hearts yearn so with tenderness
In the beautiful time of Spring.

N. P. WILLIS

241 181 THE genuine Vedda is a quite incompetent agriculturist; that is a mark by which you may know him; and none are more so than the Veddas of Bingoda who can no more develop a *chena* than they can fly. They will make a fine beginning; valiantly fell trees and sow grain; but there it ends; whenever the mood seizes them they leave it all and go into the forest, and the wild animals wander in. This is why I consider the Veddas [184] of Bingoda the most primitive I have met; better even than the classical Veddas of Henebedde and Danigala who are more of the agriculturist and less of the hunter.

221 222 177 Though these Veddas live close to Sinhalese settlements, they spend a large part of their time in the jungle. When the forests have much to give—as in January and February, the good yam months, and June and July, the honey and fruits months—the Veddas take their families and forsake their huts for caves and stream-beds; here to-day, there to-morrow. But in times of jungle impoverishment—March to May, and September to December—they remain near the village, where at a pinch they can beg a pittance of grain; but even then foraging parties frequently wander forth and return in a few days with honey, flesh and swiftlets' nests for barter.

144 142 [126] There is, almost certainly, no Vedda to-day without some trace of Sinhalese (or Tamil) blood in his veins; a reason why anthropometry is so often arid of results; still, one can usually tell a Vedda from a Sinhalese at a glance: The sparsity of hair on the Vedda's face is his outstanding characteristic, in marked contrast to the heavily bearded Sinhalese; add to this a darker complexion, a shorter stature, a greater reserve, simplicity, and apathy, and an easily aroused ferocity of nature—and there is no more to be said. But Kaurala of Kotlinde would have it there was a further distinction: "See," said he, placing my hand on his Adam's apple. "I am a true Vedda; where is my throat-knot?"

181 Veddas are an independent folk. They are no respectors of persons; and if you wish to know them, it does not do to stand on your dignity. Displease them, and they will not come near you; treat them kindly and they are your good friends. Childish and ingenuous to a degree, they will address you on equal terms, and often show an embarrassing